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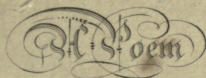
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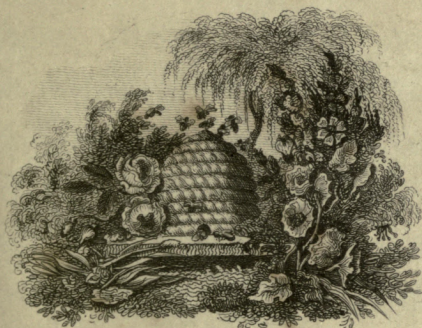
THE  
MONARCHY OF THE BEES;



ILLUSTRATED WITH NOTES,

Exhibiting

*Some of the most remarkable circumstances  
in the History of that little Insect.*



SECOND EDITION.

LONDON;

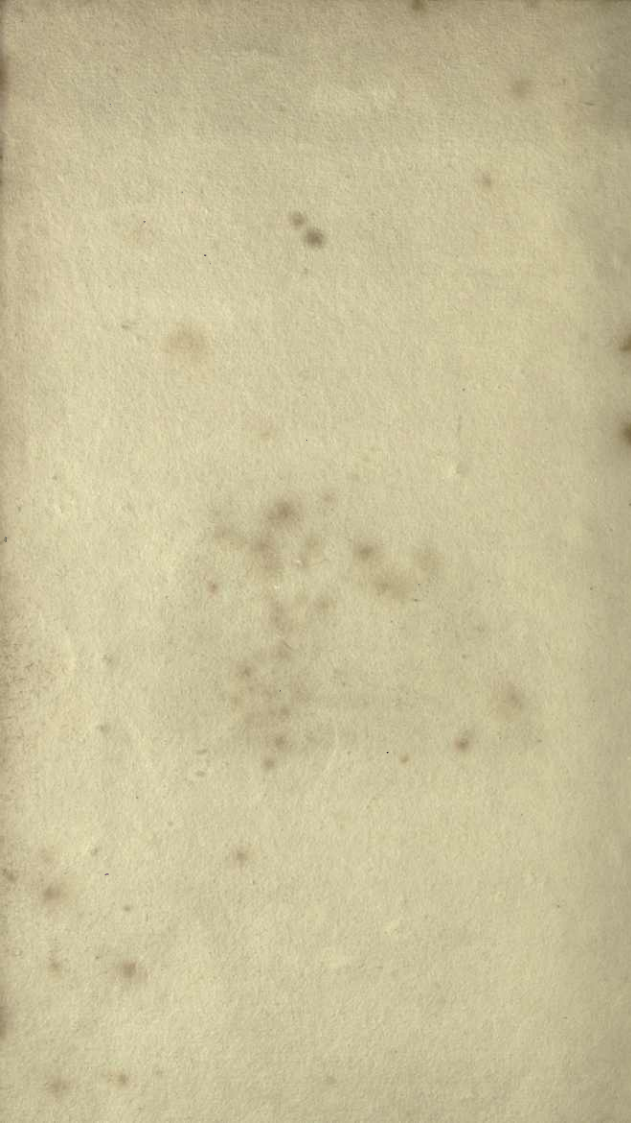
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Insects





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## PREFACE.

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AMONGST a variety of attempts made to impart instruction to the youthful mind, the Author of the following little Poem, has endeavoured to select some of the most popular incidents in the Economy of the Bee, with a view to excite the attention and curiosity of juvenile readers to search into the history of that industrious little insect. He has no desire to lay claim to any superior degree of poetical embellishment in the arrange-

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## PREFACE.

ment and composition of the story; his ambition has been merely, in simple versification, to exhibit a source from whence may be gleaned amusement and instruction. The facts adduced in the Poem are illustrated by Notes derived from respectable authorities; so that whilst the reader is amused, it cannot fail at the same time to convey useful information.

# MONARCHY OF THE BEES.

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## SECTION I.

*Introduction—Court of Bees—Speech of the Queen—*

*Her claim to the Sovereign Authority by right of Conquest—Reply to her Address, by one of the Peers; who describes their labours in the fields.*

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**B**LEAK winter's dreary months were o'er,  
And howling winds had ceased to roar;  
Reanimated by the spring,  
The warbling choir began to sing;  
The fields were deck'd in green array,  
And Flora, with her mantle gay,  
Had usher'd in the month of May:

The distant fields their fragrance spread,  
And rosy morn her dew-drops shed ;  
The orchards teem'd with blossoms fair  
Of plum, of cherry, and of pear :  
The woods in richest robes were seen,  
All in their sweet attire of green ;  
The glowing charm all nature feels :  
Now Flora her fair form reveals ;  
And Phœbus, rising in his might,  
Beam'd from his purple mansions bright.  
'Twas on the dawn of such a day,  
The bees prepared their court to pay :  
In state array'd, the royal Queen  
Upon her waxen throne was seen,  
The peers within the palace meet,  
Her majesty with joy to greet,  
The commons also hasten near,  
Their sovereign's gracious speech to hear.



The senate waits the monarch's will,  
Her royal mandates to fulfil.  
Now all convoked, in robes of gold  
She rises, graceful to behold,  
Then from the throne her silence broke,  
And to the peers around thus spoke :—

“ Ye nobles wise, who grace the state,  
Since you request, I now relate  
My regal title to the throne,  
And whence the right is mine alone.  
Know, when a chosen warlike band  
Enlisted under our command,<sup>1</sup>  
Our loyal legions took their post,  
And met the daring hostile host.  
The bold usurper's marshall'd train  
Was by our conqu'ring army slain,  
Its valiant chiefs we overthrew,  
And their aspiring leader slew ;

From that victorious era bright,  
The realm by conquest is our right.  
Aside each host their weapons laid,  
And the imperial will obey'd ;  
The empire, rul'd by wholesome laws,  
In useful arts makes common cause ;  
The waxen citadel to rear,  
Demands the aid of every peer ;  
Assembled senators attend,  
To assist the state, your counsels lend,  
That we, by industry and skill,  
With honied stores the realm may fill."—  
Thus spoke at large the sovereign Queen,  
Her senators and chiefs between ;  
Her speech excites the people's zeal,  
And all one glow of ardour feel.  
The nobles next address the Throne,  
Soon as the royal will is known ;

Towards the Queen a chief renown'd  
Commences thus his speech profound:—  
“ ’Tis our high duty to fulfil  
Your Majesty’s most gracious will ;  
The bees have been from earliest days  
For industry the theme of praise ;  
By laws the empire govern’d wise  
The flame of civil war defies,  
All is activity and zeal,  
To aid and help the public weal :  
By break of day, dread Queen, we rise  
To gather for the hive supplies ;  
The chiefs attend the affairs of state,  
And for the land deliberate.  
The squadrons traversing the air,  
To their own districts straight repair ;  
According to their ranks they move,  
As over Flora’s realms they rove.

The nobles cull the fairest flowers,  
Ranging through peach and nect'rine bowers;  
The inferior tribes, dispersed wide  
Amongst them meadow sweets divide;  
Some take the wild-flower blooming gay,  
Some round the orchard devious stray,  
All actively engaged to store  
The hive, where all their gains they pour;  
Some o'er the lab'ring train preside,  
And through mid air the squadrons guide,  
Or range in quest of honied sweets  
Where they may cull in safe retreats.  
The anxious workmen laden fly  
With their rich treasures through the sky,  
Panting beneath their fragrant spoil,  
As through their airy way they toil.  
Sometimes a burden'd<sup>d</sup> traveller eyes  
A weary labourer, as he flies,



The one communicates his needs,  
With generous hand the other feeds,  
Supplying from his trunk, at ease,  
Honey, his cravings to appease,  
Then homeward, laden, wings his way,  
The wants of other bees to stay.  
But when fierce winds disturb the air  
The bees, of gathering storms aware,  
Provide them ballast,<sup>3</sup> or in vain  
Would they attempt the aërial main,  
Nor once the destin'd harbour gain :  
Their limbs with gravelly dust they load,  
To poise them through the airy road ;  
With steady course their way they steer,  
Nor the rude tempest's anger fear.  
And keep the haven fair in sight,  
Prepared, should dangers rise, for flight :

Thus all abroad thy subjects roam,

And bring their honied treasures home."

## MONARCHY OF THE BEES.

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### SECTION II.

*Speech of a venerable Sage—He relates the various labours of the Hive—Care of the Infant Offspring—Construction of the Hive—Ceremony observed on the Queen's going abroad—Streets of the Hive lined with guards—Her visit to each cell—Ceremony at the time of her depositing her eggs—Regulations to preserve the health of the Community—Treatment of the Drones—Story of the Two Bees.*

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**N**EXT, to address the royal Queen,  
 A venerable Sage is seen,  
 In waxen arts one greatly famed,  
 Whose counsels wise attention claim'd ;

Th' affairs internal of the state

Thus he commences to relate :—

“ The infant offspring, watch'd with care,

Our most paternal kindness share ;

All day from cell to cell some go,

The wants <sup>4</sup> of infant bees to know,

These, ceaseless, they with food supply,

Till all assume their wings, and fly.

First quits the infant grub his shell,

To take possession of a cell,

Then wraps him in a silken bed,

And lies as silent as the dead,

Till roused from slumbers, with surprise

He claps his willing wings, and flies ;

Then instant joins the labouring train,

Toils in the cells, or scours the plain.

No jarring interests here, nor strife,

All is activity and life ;



The busy artisans pursue  
Their works the day unceasing through ;  
The pile augments on every side,  
The nobles see it rise, with pride ;  
Its ample palaces extend,  
And bulwarks strong the realm defend ;  
Here rows of stately mansions fair  
Are seen, the great alone dwell there ;  
There the pavilion rears its head,  
Where royalty alone dares tread ;  
There guards of honour daily stand,  
To execute your great command.  
Sometimes upon a summer's day,  
When 'tis your will abroad to stray,<sup>5</sup>  
The royal pleasure is made known  
To all that wait around the throne ;  
The streets with faithful guards are lined,  
Each has his various post assign'd ;

The labouring bees from toils refrain,  
And join the wide extended train;  
With regal pomp it moves along,  
The pride and triumph of the throng.  
Now pass they on, from street to street,  
While joyful crowds their sovereign greet:  
A faithful train the palace leave,  
That you their homage may receive.  
Now pass they through the city's gate,  
Where numerous guards obedient wait;  
Onward before, a thousand steer,  
A thousand nobles close the rear;  
Abroad through Flora's realms they roam,  
And when you will, they hasten home.  
So when, great Queen, your peers among,  
Attended by a numerous throng,  
From cell to cell<sup>6</sup> you speed your way,  
With care an egg in each to lay,

The retinue the charge attend,  
And from surrounding ills defend;  
With waxen works the cells enclose  
Secure from all invading foes.  
Awhile the offspring dormant sleep,  
Then from their waxen prisons creep:  
Thus into life a nation's seen  
To spring, from one prolific queen,  
Yourself the fruitful parent, sole<sup>7</sup>  
And mighty guardian of the whole.  
But when the population great  
Becomes too numerous for the state,  
A bee of royal race is found,  
Whom thousands joyful rally round:  
The busy crowds with shouts proclaim,  
Thro' the wide realm, aloud the same.  
The colony,<sup>8</sup> a marshal'd band,  
Forsake the hive at her command;

Not long the bold adventurers fly,  
Ere they a chosen spot descry ;  
Concentrated, the active train  
Commence a new auspicious reign ;  
The waxen pile they soon complete  
The mansions fair and royal seat.

But lest, midst such a numerous band,  
Infection should o'erspread the land ;  
Some take their station at the gate,  
The building vast to ventilate ;<sup>9</sup>  
By turns, with wings extended wide,  
They agitate the ethereal tide,  
The vital stream the realm inhales,  
While through the nation health prevails,  
Save when untimely fate, or age,  
(For even here death war doth wage)  
Arrests and cuts life's tender thread,  
And leaves them number'd with the dead ;



For these some pace the city round,  
With careful search, and when they're found,  
With funeral pomp they swift convey  
Them off for burial far away.<sup>10</sup>  
If any lose their stings<sup>11</sup> in war,  
Such is the rigour of the law,  
From out the city they must fly,  
Or, by our code, be doom'd to die.  
If fell disease the realm invade,  
A cruel<sup>12</sup> edict is obey'd;  
Lest the contagion wide should spread,  
Far off the dying and the dead  
Are borne, the infection to allay,  
Or all to death would fall a prey.

Thus all your subjects still are seen  
Toiling t' enrich the realm, O Queen!  
One glow of patriotic zeal  
Their ever-loyal bosoms feel.

Though wide dispers'd, the numerous train  
Are eager all in quest of gain,  
Save the dull drone, whose gay attire  
The unthinking many most admire;  
Yet he nor heeds the general good,  
Nor labours to procure him food;  
Pleased with his courtly dress he strays,  
And on th' industrious people preys,  
But soon his idle race is run,  
And he for ever is undone;  
The chiefs convict the rogue of stealth,  
Then drive<sup>13</sup> him from the commonwealth.  
A headstrong subject scarce you see,  
Save in a drone or humble bee,  
Or sometimes in a stripling bold  
Intemperance we may behold;  
Such as occur'd, great Queen, of late,  
To a young noble of the state;  
The tale permit me to relate:—

Two Bees, one morning fair in May,  
Did each in quest of honey stray ;  
The one was profligate and wild,  
The other sober, chaste, and mild.  
They had not travell'd o'er much ground,  
Ere they a wide-mouth'd vial found,  
With honey laden full and sweet  
As though prepared their wants to meet.  
Th' unthinking profligate alights,  
And his companion much invites ;  
The sober youth, with cautious eye,  
Perceives, or fears, some danger nigh ;  
Perhaps, while sipping round the brink,  
He might within the vial sink,  
And thus untimely meet his fate,  
While of the honied sweets he ate :  
Forewarn'd of ill, he takes his leave,  
With promise to return at eve,

And searches out an orchard fair  
Where he procures him ample fare.  
Now sinks in shades the lamp of day,  
And homeward bends the peer his way,  
But lest the stripling late should roam,  
He calls, to bid him hasten home ;  
Upon the vial's brim he stands,  
But now, alas ! too late commands ;  
The giddy youth, while round he tript,  
Into the vial's mouth had slipt,  
Immers'd in sweets, he tried in vain  
The treach'rous vessel's brim to gain ;  
Clogg'd and enfeebled in his wings,  
The viscid juice around him clings ;  
Exhausted, when his friend draws near,  
He dying sinks, appall'd with fear,  
And in faint tones lamenting cries,  
Mourns his untimely end, and dies.



His late companion seeks in grief,  
A sad asylum for relief,  
As oft he calls to mind his friend,  
Now brought to an untimely end."—  
Thus spoke the venerable sire,  
Bows, then solicits to retire.

This late companion seeks in grief,

A sad asylum for relief,

As oft he calls to mind his friend,

Now brought to an untimely end, —

Thus speaks the venerable sire,

Those, then, solicit to retire.

## MONARCHY OF THE BEES.

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### SECTION III.

*Address of a Veteran Chief—He describes their Enemies—*

*The Wasp—The Snail and the Caterpillar—Singular  
Mode of treating them—Attack of the Hornets—  
Council of the Chiefs—They resolve to give Battle.*

---

**A** VETERAN chief, of lineage high,  
Deeds of renown to state, draws nigh;  
With eloquence, before the throne,  
Thus he their feats in war makes known:—  
“ Our cells the robber oft by night  
Invades, confiding in his might;

The daring wasp<sup>14</sup> e'en fights his way,  
And rushes through the gates for prey ;  
The thief the lab'ring train alarms,  
The watchful guards swift call to arms,  
Instant the valiant legion flies ;  
The enemy their number eyes,  
Provokes though single armed, the fight,  
Midst crowds, nor refuge seeks in flight.  
Th' enraged citizens assail,  
And o'er the fearless foe prevail ;  
Beneath a shower of darts he falls,  
Then, borne in triumph to the walls,  
Is hurl'd with fury to the plain,  
Where they deposit all their slain.  
But other insects oft, by stealth,  
Creep in, and rob the state of wealth :  
The knave, by his insidious wiles,  
The careful centinels beguiles,



But when descried, no respite meets,  
No intercessor for him treats,  
A thousand darts the robber feels,  
As stung with pain in death he reels.  
Sometimes a snail,<sup>15</sup> ill-fated, crawls,  
By stealth within the waxen walls,  
The faithful troops attack the foe,  
And lay the slimy monster low,  
The pond'rous carcass lifeless lies,  
Which all their strength to move defies ;  
But where their wonted vigour fails,  
Their skill in works of art prevails :  
Lest noxious odours should o'erspread  
The land, some quick embalm the dead,  
The invader they enamel o'er  
With propolis, a foreign store,  
And thus with so much skill o'erlay,  
That no effluvia finds its way.

But should a caterpillar<sup>16</sup> dare  
To enter, instant death's his share;  
Too heavy should the carcass prove,  
Now lifeless stretch'd, for them to move,  
Instant they sever it in two,  
Then drag the trunk the portals through.  
Thus have we ventur'd to relate,  
Great Queen, the labours of the state;  
The senate's patriotic zeal,  
And commons', for the public weal."—  
The nobles bow low at her feet,  
Then slow before the throne retreat.

But the most bold of robbers vile,  
That dares attack the treasur'd pile,  
And comes prepar'd, an armed band,  
For plunder, to invade the land,  
Is the fierce hornet,<sup>17</sup> brave and strong;  
T' assail their wealth these often throng.

This foe voracious storms the gate,  
And spreads alarm through all the state;  
Instant the chiefs a council call,  
The veteran peers assemble all,  
The guards repair to every post,  
To check th' advancing hostile host.

A warrior grave, in wisdom great,  
Commences thus the sage debate:—

“ My counsel is to strike a blow,  
And instant battle give the foe;  
Our case is desperate, we must all,  
In one dread conflict stand, or fall.

This I advise, ye chiefs; give ear,  
Ere all are overcome with fear.”

He ceased, another warrior rose,  
His counsel eager to propose:—

“ To stop their rapid march, I own,  
Is right, or ruin'd is the throne;

But when to give their armies fight,  
By day, or by surprise at night,  
And where ; these points we must debate,  
Then leave the dread result to fate.  
Without the city's wall, far hence,  
Let us the combat fierce commence ;  
The seat of war they'll urge to make  
Within, our waxen works to break,  
And while in fight the armies meet,  
Some with the spoil will quick retreat.  
It is expedient, then, that we  
On this momentous point agree."—  
Next rose a venerable peer,  
Not to increase, but calm their fear.—  
“ Your bold advice, great chiefs, is wise,  
But they may take us by surprise ;  
For, should our hosts their station leave,  
They may the cells of wealth bereave,



Thus, though we make th' invaders fly,  
The people would by famine die.  
I counsel that a chosen band  
Be left within, to guard the land,  
A garrison, with skill and might,  
That may their ambush put to flight;  
Without the walls then meet the foe,  
And let the daring hornets know  
The weight and vengeance of our rage  
When war with us they dare to wage.

These, though we make the islands his,  
 The people would be his as well.  
 I count that a chosen band  
 Be left within, to guard the land,  
 A garrison, with all night,  
 That may their arms put to flight;  
 Without the walls they meet the foe,  
 And let the daring heroes know  
 The weight and vengeance of our arms;  
 When war with us they dare to wage,  
 On this our island, we will wage;  
 Not that we wish to see them  
 Not to be seen, but to be seen  
 To show our power and our arms;  
 But that we wish to see them  
 For should our arms be seen,  
 They may be seen to see them

## MONARCHY OF THE BEES.

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### SECTION IV.

*The Chiefs repair to the Queen—Relate their Deliberations—She approves of their Decision—Leaves the Hive at the head of her Army to give Battle—Fierce Engagement between the Bees and the Hornets—Manner in which the Conflict is terminated.*

---

UP to the throne the chiefs now go,  
 The Sov'reign's pleasure there to know.  
 Their warlike counsels they repeat,  
 Then bow before the regal seat ;  
 The royal queen approves their skill,  
 Their wisdom meets her gracious will :—

“ Defensive war, ye peers, is just,  
And to your might the realm I trust ;  
This day renown’d for deeds shall be,  
And give our armies victory.  
Let us away, ye chiefs arise,  
To take th’ invaders by surprise.”—  
Thus spoke the Queen ; the armies shout,  
As to the plain they urge their route,  
Then through mid air indignant rush,  
Th’ audacious enemy to crush.  
The savage foe, with cruel rage,  
Drawn up in order to engage,  
Is seen ; each host with fury burns,  
As to the gate the battle turns,  
A thousand darts envenom’d fly,  
And troops on troops promiscuous die.  
The bees, with skill superior fight,  
And overcome superior might ;



Fierce and more fierce the contest grows,  
Now chieftains warring chiefs oppose;  
The conflict rages far and wide,  
And victory turns from side to side.  
The queen, to animate her host,  
Is seen to fly from post to post,  
Where'er the combat doubtful reigns,  
Its rage and fury she sustains;  
Vast heaps of dead bestrew the ground,  
And dying groans are heard around.  
Full many a warrior bites the dust,  
No more th' envenom'd dart to thrust;  
Death grimly marching thins their lines,  
And to the grave whole ranks consigns;  
The distant flanks the breach repair,  
The hottest of the war to share.  
The hornets strong their ground maintain  
Amongst whole heaps of heroes slain,

Charge after charge on either side  
Is made, nor does their wrath subside ;  
In equal poise the pendnat scales  
Remain, nor either host prevails.  
The bees, their state and wealth to save,  
The hornets' strength ferocious brave ;  
With patriotic zeal they fight,  
Invincible, disdaining flight.  
With rage rekindling, lo the Queen  
Rushing along the lines is seen,  
The sov'reign's presence re-inspires,  
And their brave souls with vengeance fires ;  
Like billows bursting on the shore,  
Upon th' undaunted host they pour ;  
The foe inflexible remains,  
And all their foaming wrath sustains ;  
As leaves autumnal strew the ground,  
The dead and dying fall around.

Repeated shocks their host appals,  
And with them many a warrior falls,  
Nor could the conflict cease to rage  
When such dire enemies engage,  
Till death his banners wide had spread,  
And number'd all amongst the dead,  
Did not some hero<sup>is</sup> intervene,  
To stop the devastating scene,  
By scattering showers of dust among  
The mad, infuriated throng.  
This bold expedient breaks their ranks,  
As well the centre as the flanks ;  
To rally they attempt in vain,  
Discord prevails o'er all the plain.  
The hornets safety seek in flight,  
Not daring to resume the fight ;  
The bees victorious homeward fly,  
And pass the dead indignant by ;

The warriors in the conflict brave,  
Their city and their wealth to save,  
To store the cells again they go,  
Secure against the vanquish'd foe.  
The sov'reign mourns a numerous train  
Of subjects in the combat slain,  
Till nature's bounteous hand and care  
Doth with her gifts the breach repair,  
Fresh swarms replenish soon the state  
And thousands crowd the city's gate.



## MONARCHY OF THE BEES.

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### SECTION V.

*Close of their labours in the fields—Death of the Queen  
—Rebellion of the Commonwealth—Plunder of the  
Hive—Election of a new Queen—Commencement of  
a new Era.*

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**T**HUS, till autumnal suns decline,  
The bees to gather food combine;  
The noble fabric shews their skill,  
Where honey dew's each morn distil;  
Their arduous works the cells attest,  
All with the honied burdens press'd:

Their barns are stored, and plenty greets

The busy crowds that pace the streets;

The senate hails its labours o'er

Abroad, and sees well hous'd their store.

Fair Flora, late so gay array'd,

Laments to see her colours fade.

For now the harvest moon hath waned,

And Phœbus his bright beams restrain'd;

Abroad the squadrons cease to roam,

Since they have sung their harvest home;

Each works unwearied in his cell,

Where all the winter months they dwell.

The stores they have at their command

More than supply with food the land.

The bees continue long to thrive,

And sweets abundant fill the hive.

Seven years the active race remain,

Then terminates the sov'reign's<sup>19</sup> reign,

For now her health excites their fears ;  
Sinking beneath the weight of years,  
The aged monarch's strength decays,  
And she the debt of nature pays ;  
Surrounded by the nobles great,  
She yields reluctantly to fate :  
Her power to govern strong and wise  
Fades as she fades, and with her dies.  
The chiefs unite to save the realm,  
Lest faction should right overwhelm ;  
The tidings sad abroad are spread,  
And discord instant rears her head ;  
Rebellion to fair peace succeeds,  
With civil war the nation bleeds ;  
The sealed cells of waxen store  
Are sacred view'd by them no more ;  
The senate sues for peace in vain,  
Lo rebels are by rebels slain,

The treasur'd honey robbers seize,  
Nor can the great their wrath appease ;  
The state, by sad divisions rent,  
Falls with the mould'ring government ;  
But 'midst this scene of anarchy  
Is raised again the standard high  
By one renown'd of royal <sup>20</sup> breed,  
By right entitled to succeed.  
The great the standard rally round,  
There instant all the chiefs are found ;  
The throne thus strengthened by the peers  
Begins to dissipate its fears ;  
The rebel army now repair,  
And to their Queen allegiance swear.  
Consolidated thus once more,  
Their civil broils at length are o'er,  
From bearing arms the people cease,  
And cultivate the arts of peace,



Resume their wonted works again,  
With a new era and new reign ;  
The laws are reverenc'd and obey'd,  
Foundations for new cells are laid,  
A city on the once gay scite  
Again majestic tow'rs in height ,  
The waxen palaces arise,  
And shouts of triumph rend the skies.



## MONARCHY OF THE BEES.

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### SECTION VI.

*Conclusion—Moral of the Poem : Triumph of Industry  
over Idleness..*

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**T**HUS have I sung the golden age,  
And wars that bees offended wage ;  
Their industry and care have shown,  
And veneration for the throne ;  
The perseverance and the skill  
They use, the hive with sweets to fill ;

The toils incessant they endure,  
Their honied treasures to procure.  
Yet are they for their pains repaid :  
When summer suns and flowers fade,  
While tribes of other insects die  
For want, beneath a wint'ry sky,  
The bees, with cells well stor'd, can feed  
Through the cold months on richest mead.

Ye youthful minds, who love to stray  
Where they for honey wing their way,  
Learn from the labours of the bee  
The sure reward of industry.

Their little minds and bodies too  
Ardent their various works pursue,  
And from beginnings small acquire  
All they can wish for or desire.  
Let then their wise examples bright  
Make you in diligence delight,



Your studies with fresh zeal renew,  
They'll yield you pleasures not a few ;  
Sip, like the bee, from every flower,  
Nor pass away an idle hour ;  
Let life's fair morn devoted be  
To useful arts ; from error flee ;  
Ascend the steep that leads to fame,  
And the rich prize of knowledge claim ;  
Then eye the sluggard, as he strays,  
And wastes in idleness his days :  
The wall that fenc'd his vineyards round  
Is crumbling daily to the ground ;  
The breach which time had open'd there  
He has not courage to repair ;  
His garden, cover'd o'er with weeds,  
The reptile tribes of insects feeds ;  
The thistle and the thorn there grow,  
An emblem of the sluggard's woe.

Lo, nettles all his lands o'erspread,  
There deadly nightshade rears its head ;  
Such is the produce of his fields,  
Such are the fruits his garden yields ;  
For want he pines, with folded hands,  
While desert lie his richest lands ;  
To shun his fate in vain he tries,  
In vain for aid the sluggard cries,  
But clothed with shame and rags he dies.

Not so with him whose garden fair  
Bespeaks his industry and care ;  
He sees the dew-drop on the thorn  
Sweetly distil at early morn ;  
He rises with the breaking day,  
And o'er his fields pursues his way ;  
His vineyards flourish, yellow corn  
The distant hills and vales adorn,

A rich abundance crowns his board,  
His barns with plenty are well stored ;  
Nor winter's blast excites his fear,  
He has the produce of the year,  
And spends life's evening in repose,  
Nor cares, nor wants, nor sorrow knows.

A rich abundance crowns his head,  
 His hair with plenty's curls stored;  
 Nor winter's blast excites his hair,  
 He has the produce of the year,  
 And spends life's evening in repose,  
 Not cares, not wants, not sorrow knows.



## NOTES.

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### Note 1.

**I**T not unfrequently occurs that there are two pretenders to the throne; when this is the case, the bees divide, a general conflict takes place, nor does the battle cease until one of the queen bees is slain; the survivor is immediately acknowledged, and the hostile parties are reconciled and rally round the conqueror.

### Note 2.

It has been observed that a bee laden with honey on his way to the hive, has been accosted by a hungry companion; how the one manages to communicate its wants to the other, it is per-

haps impossible to discover ; but the fact is certain, that when two bees meet in this situation, they mutually stop, and the one whose stomach is full of honey extends its trunk, opens its mouth, and like a ruminating animal, forces up the honey ; the hungry bee with the point of its trunk sucks the honey from the other's mouth. When not stopped on the road, the bee, as before stated, proceeds to the hive, and in the same manner offers its honey to those who are at work, as if it meant to prevent the necessity of their quitting their labour in order to go in quest of food.

*Bingley's Animal Biography, Vol. 3.*

### Note 3.

Bees seem also to be forewarned of the approach of bad weather, by some particular feeling ; it sometimes happens even when they are assiduous and busy, that they on a sudden cease from their work, not a single one stirs out, and those that are abroad hurry home in

such prodigious crowds, that the doors of their habitations are too small to admit them.

*Encyclopædia Londinensis.*

The circumstance of the bees providing themselves with ballast, is taken from Virgil's Georgics, Book 4.

#### Note 4.

The common bees go from cell to cell with astonishing tenderness and anxiety, they furnish the grub with food, and watch over it with unremitting assiduity; in about six days the grub arrives at its full growth, when its affectionate attendants shut up the mouth of its apartment with wax, in order to secure it from injury; thus enclosed it soon begins to line the walls of its cell with a silken tapestry, in which it undergoes its last transformation: when it first crawls forth a winged insect it is very weak and inactive, but in the course of a few hours it acquires strength enough to fly off to its labour.

*Bingley, Vol. 3.*

## Note 5.

When the queen bee is desirous of going abroad, the work of the hive ceases, vast numbers follow in procession as she passes through the streets, carefully attend her as she flies, and also return with her to the hive.

*White on the Management of Bees.*

## Note 6.

The queen is seen at times attended by a numerous retinue marching from cell to cell, plunging the extremity of her body into each of them, and leaving in each an egg.

*Bingley, Vol. 3.*

## Note 7.

To the Queen the whole swarm, amounting from twenty to forty thousand, owe their birth : she is easily distinguished from the other bees by the form of her body ; she is longer and



larger than they are, and her wings are much shorter than theirs in proportion to her body; she is unwieldy in her flight, a reason for her seldom flying; but when she leaves the parent hive to settle a colony, all the bees form her retinue, and like dutiful subjects repair to the place she chooses. She is armed with a vigorous sting: less passionate, however, than her subjects, she only uses her sting when long provoked or when contesting for imperial sway. The dissection of the queen bee shews evidently that she lays many thousand eggs; it is computed that the ovary of a queen bee contains more than five thousand eggs at one time, and therefore it is not difficult to conceive that a queen bee may produce ten thousand or twelve thousand bees, or even more, in the space of two months. The queen is generally concealed in the most secret part of the hive, and is never visible but when she lays her eggs in such combs as are exposed to sight; when she does

appear she is always attended by ten or a dozen of the common sort, who form a kind of retinue, and follow her wherever she goes with a sedate and grave tread.

*Modern Encyclopædia.*

### Note 8.

In the evening before colonization, indications of their intention is given by an unusual noise and hurry within the hive, all the morning of the next day passes without hardly a single bee going to collect honey, those who are to leave the hive are preparing to take their departure, while those that remain behind defer their operations till their companions by their leaving them have afforded sufficient room: it is in the great enterprise of colonization that the influence of the queen bee is most clearly seen; wherever she alights, there the whole swarm take up their abode, and all cling round her body.

*Encyclopædia Londinensis.*

## Note 9.

This singular circumstance of fluttering the wings at the door of the hive, apparently for the purpose of ventilation, remarkable as it may appear, I have been assured by several owners of bees, they have repeatedly witnessed.

## Note 10.

The removal of the dead from the hive is a fact familiar to every observer of the economy of bees.

## Note 11.

A bee cannot lose its sting without sustaining a material injury, nay it generally costs him his life, consequently his banishment from the hive appears to be the result not of cruelty but of necessity.

## Note 12.

Cruel as this practice of driving the sick from the hive may appear, when the vast popu-

lation is considered, there is almost a necessity for such an edict, as the consequence of infection from the sick might be fatal to the whole community.

### Note 13.

Towards the latter end of summer, when the hive is sufficiently stored with inhabitants, a most cruel policy ensues; the drone bees, which are generally in a hive to the number of a hundred, are marked for slaughter; these which had hitherto led a life of indolence and pleasure, and rioting upon the labours of the hive, without aiding in the general toil, now share the fate of most voluptuaries, and fall a sacrifice to the general resentment of society. The working bees in a body declare war against them, and in two or three days time the ground all round the hive is covered with their dead bodies, nay the working bees will even kill such drones as are yet in the worm state in the



cells, and eject their bodies from the hive among the general carnage.

*Goldsmith's Animated Nature, Vol. 6.*

In the poem I have confined myself to a single drone, not wishing to stain the character of the bees with such an apparent act of cruelty.

### Note 14.

Scarcely have they entered the walls of the city when a general engagement ensues; those who have the right of possession oppose their invaders with all their force and undaunted courage; not a minute passes, when attacked by numbers of wasps, that you do not observe a victorious bee dragging to the door of the hive a dead adversary, or one who is yet struggling in all the agonies of death.

### Note 15.

But it sometimes happens that an ill-fated snail creeps into the hive, this is no sooner

perceived than it is attacked on all sides and stung to death; but how are the bees to carry out so heavy a burthen? such a labour would be in vain: to prevent the noxious odours consequent on its putrefaction they immediately embalm it by covering every part of its body with propolis, through which no effluvia can escape.

*Bingley's Animal Biography, Vol. 3.*

### Note 16.

When a caterpillar enters the hive, the guards immediately give the alarm, he is instantly surrounded and stung to death; but should the carcase prove too ponderous for them to move, they with great perseverance sever the body into two parts, and transport it out of the hive.

### Note 17.

There is not a more determined and ferocious foe to bees than the hornet: these vora-

cious robbers will with great courage and fury attack a hive, and the great superiority in numbers and prowess on the side of the bees alone enables them to make a stand against such powerful adversaries. In selecting the hornet as one of their opponents to whom they give battle, I wish to be understood as choosing a determinate enemy rather than a neighbouring community, thereby establishing the justice of defensive warfare, and that against a foreign enemy.

#### Note 18.

Dreadful as these battles are, a handful of dust thrown amongst the contending parties, is sufficient to put an end to their most deadly frays.

#### Note 19.

From a number of well attested experiments and observations, it appears that the life of the queen is more precious than any of the

rest, for she is the soul of all their operations; if a hive be deprived of her, however numerous, it will undertake no labour, and the individuals will hardly give themselves the trouble of collecting their daily subsistence: a swarm that was busy from morning to night, constructing cells and collecting wax, immediately upon this accident seem to forget that the flowers contain their food; they scarcely stir from the hive, construct no new cells, nor ever finish what was begun; her loss is proclaimed by a clear and uninterrupted humming, a scene of anarchy and confusion ensues, the cells are plundered, and the whole commonwealth bids fair for general ruin.

*Encyclopædia Londinensis.*

### Note 20.

In this perilous situation of the hive a young queen is introduced, the flock instantly revives, pleasure and activity are apparent



through the whole hive; the presence of the sovereign restores vigour and exertion, and her voice commands universal respect and obedience: of such importance is the Queen to the existence and prosperity of the other members of this community.

*Modern Encyclopædia.*

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